

# THE NEW PLAYERS

With Lohengrin and the "Rubens" at Weber's.

AND now it's Herr Direktor Weber! Let "Joe" add Heinrich and Oscar drink a toast to the merry opera war, and let the toast be "The Three of Us." Herr Direktor Weber should have the floor and pay the check, for he has achieved a greater wonder than Hammetstein the Great—he has given us an opera-house with a sense of humor. In his new and silent role of impresario he has made "a dash at grand opera" that brings him under the wire an easy winner.

Let's take "The Magic Knight" first, because, if for no other reason, it comes last. It's the distinct novelty of the little music hall, and the fact that last night's merry Christmas audience came away with it on its lips proved that all the music lovers aren't good of Thirty-fourth street. "The Magic Knight" is a satire on grand opera in good music and good taste. Victor Herbert's music wears a smile and Edgar Smith's libretto a broad grin. Each deserves a laurel wreath as big as a circus hoop.

But the greatest wonder of all in last night's capital entertainment was a real prima donna, with a real appreciation of that funny thing called grand opera. Mme. Lillian Blauvelt sang brilliantly and with a sense of humor. With a true appreciation of the situation she sang "It's right up to me to make good as a human canary." And she did. The wass on the docket was the case of Elsa. Those who make Wagner their religion may cry out upon the Weberites for making a goose of the Swan-knight, but what care we?

Maurice Parkoa treated Lohengrin with every consideration and a high falsetto. After a hard struggle with the orchestra, Frank Belcher, as the King, belched forth in a deep, good bass "I am here!" while the coming of lovely Lohengrin was greeted with the general exclamation, "Look who's here!" But it remained for Otto Harlan to get the most fun out of the role and the costume of Frederick. His waltz-musical again! With the goose-knight was the funniest thing on the card. Miss Cora Tracy was a blond Ortrud who struck the right note, but had the wrong color. Yards of black hair—and Marie Dressler would have been better. The Herald who blew his trumpet "with the kind assistance of the orchestra" was a scream. Herbert conducted the orchestra with a muscular frenzy that Mr. Hertz might have envied—and came off victor. His music was as pretty as it was playful.

Miss Cecelia Loftus became "Clay" again, as the bright and not too particular star of "Dream City," also constructed by Mr. Smith and Mr. Herbert. She tripped into the role of Nancy Dingleberry, daughter of a Weberized Long Island truck farmer, with a youthful charm that seemed fresh from "Peter Pan," and the house welcomed her back from London with both hands. Mr. Weber is to be congratulated upon having made a great catch in Miss Loftus.

New blood, new ideas and new music have placed the music hall on a new basis, and a new era of success is assured. Miss Loftus is an entertainment in herself. She gave fresh proof of her clever mimicry in a number of new imitations, the most striking of which was one of Miss Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady." She was Miss Hattie Williams, Miss Ethel Barrymore and other Broadway "favorites" to the life—and a little more. With Mr. Harlan she showed how they do the trick "In Vaudeville" and danced with a skipping rope until the house began to wonder whether there was any end to her cleverness.

Mr. Parkoa, accompanied by his famous white forelock, was quite at home in his new surroundings and instantly won the house with "I Fancy You," meaning Miss Loftus. Who wouldn't? Mr. Parkoa sang better than he has ever sung before and with a temperament that kept Miss Loftus in a charming state of alarm. Thank you, Mr. Weber, for giving us a Frenchman who brings his accent with him. The home-made stage Frenchman has long wearied the patient theatre-going soul.

Mr. Weber acted like a man who knew he had a big success on his hands. He used a Yankee make-up and a German dialect, and he was very much alive except for a moment when he dozed off and dreamed that his farm had been changed into a city with a police force in tights and other modern improvements. He was funnier than he has been since he and Lew Fields started separate bank accounts. Mr. Weber was "bossed" by a long and narrow lady named Lillian Lee, who gave an admirable imitation of a pair of stilts. Another newcomer was Will T. Hodge, who made every one but himself laugh. He was the brains of William Carter, with a head that ran backwards, and he led the volunteer firemen into a song that was one of the hits of the evening. Miss Madelyn Marshall, as the "help," was a great hit. She left the beauty part of the show to a chorus which spoke the truth when it sang "We are peaches and cream—"

It seemed a shame to wake Farmer Weber out of his "Dream City." When he did wake up it was discovered that his overalls had turned in their sleep. The joke was on him, and, to put it mildly, it riveted attention.

CHARLES DARTON.

# Domestic Haps and Mishaps.

By Quincy Scott.



THE EVENING WORLD is giving TEN DOLLARS IN PRIZES each week for the best suggestions, which need not be accompanied by drawings, for the "Domestic Haps and Mishaps" comic series. The suggestions must be sent to "THE COMICS EDITOR," Evening World, P. O. Box 1354 New York City.

# THE JARR FAMILY

BY ROY L. MCARDLELL

Extra! The Jarrs Decide to Hold a Social Function.

"I THINK we ought to give a little party of some kind," said Mrs. Jarr. "Don't you remember the pleasant little gatherings we used to have?"

"Sure," said Mr. Jarr. "Let's see, we'll have the Ranges, of course."

"And I'll have to ask Mrs. Kittingly, because I'll have to borrow some of her knives and forks and some of her plates," said Mrs. Jarr. "I'll have to ask Mrs. Hope, too, although I know she'll snicker at everything. And we'll have to ask Emma Bascomb, and I do despise her. And there's Mrs. Kneely and her husband, but that man always gives me the creeps. He has a mouth like a shark and the clammiest hands. Ugh!"

"It looks as if we'll have a lovely time," said Mr. Jarr.

"Let me see," mused Mrs. Jarr. "It won't cost so much. We can have lobster and chicken salad and ice cream. And, maybe, coffee. I'm not going to spend a lot of money on those people. I'm sure when they give affairs they come away as hungry when you don't come away sick. Don't you remember that awful clear punch Emma Bascomb always sets out? She keeps her eye on you and you have to drink it, when she has the nerve to say, when you tell her it is delicious, that it is from an old family recipe handed down a hundred years. But I know that isn't so."

"Why, what makes you doubt the statement?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Because kerosene wasn't invented a hundred years ago, and if Emma Bascomb's punch doesn't taste of kerosene I'm mistaken," said Mrs. Jarr.

"So you are going to conduct one of these undertaker-chair ogles, where you have all the people you don't like sitting around like Dockstader's mice, eating chopped meat and canned lobster covered with yellow paint? And your worst lady enemy will draw out. My dear Mrs. Jarr, DO give me your recipe for making mayonnaise! And adding in a whisper to the woman next her, 'So I'll know what to administer if I ever want to poison anybody.'"

"I expect to have ladies and gentlemen at an affair I GIVE!" said Mrs. Jarr, freely. "But that's how you always talk when I speak of having any nice people come to the house!"

"Oh, I was only joking," said Mr. Jarr, hurriedly. "We will have some music and singing."

"The Clammer girls will bring their songs, of course," said Mrs. Jarr, "and they'll have that awful Mr. Merik, who looks like a sickly spider, with them to play their accompaniments. He makes me nervous just to look at!"

"Well, that oldest Clammer girl sings fine!" said Mr. Jarr.

"Fast you mean," said Mrs. Jarr, snappily. "And all she knows is 'Violet.' Although I heard she's added 'Dearie' to her repertoire. Then I suppose Mr. Dotson WILL write. He always wants to recite heroic things like 'Henry of Navarre.' I never saw a floor walker yet that didn't."

"Say, how?" ventured Mr. Jarr. "It doesn't look to me as if those are very joyous prospects. Suppose—"

"Suppose what?" asked Mrs. Jarr, suspiciously.

"Suppose we have a good old Saturday night, like we used to have," blurted Mr. Jarr. "I'll have Rangle and McCutcheon and Allison and Heringsome of the old gang, and we'll have them bring their brides, and we'll have duplicate whist or a little poker, and we'll have a hot supper at midnight, and smoke and roast each other free and hearty, and cut out that cheesy bunch!"

"What?" gasped Mrs. Jarr.

"It's an elderly bunch," said Mr. Jarr. "I've got my Dutch up, and I mean it! That paste-faced crowd of bores give me the Willies. I can stand them at a time, but—"

"It was you that suggested it!" said Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, if I did I renig," said Mr. Jarr.

"I don't enjoy myself with those would-be society people either," said Mrs. Jarr, "and I'm glad you have come around to my way of thinking."

So the invitations are out. Did you get yours?

# HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

**To Improve the Walk.**

USE WALKER. As you say, you are not round-shouldered and do not swagger, you have had habits the less to overcome in learning to walk gracefully. Join a dancing class, with serious and not frivolous intent, and you will gradually acquire grace and ease in the presence of other people. When you are walking on the street remember always to hold up your head. Do not walk in high-heeled shoes. With shoulders back, not too much swung to the arms, and even steps, you can hardly fail to have a simple, dignified deportment.

**Chinese Eyelash Stain.**

Chinese Eyelash Stain. G. H. Here is a Chinese eyelash stain. Gum arabic, 1 dram; India ink, 1 dram; rose water, 4 ounces. Powder the ink and gum and

**Bad Voice.**

A BEAUTIFUL voice is so excellent a thing for a woman that no matter how fair her face, how graceful her figure, the charm is instantly dispelled when she speaks in nasal, uncultivated tones. Only half the women in the world seem to know this, and they do not by any means belong to the half. But with the music of their soft and gentle voices they possess a very powerful charm.

**To Keep Hair Light.**

CONSTANCY—You can keep your hair light either by washing it after the shampoo in tea, or by using chamomile flowers, or by applying one teaspoonful of water with two teaspoonfuls of peroxide immediately after shampooing.

**A. B.—** The following formula will abate excessive perspiration: Iodine, 1 dram; salicylic acid, 5 grains; cologne, 4 ounces. Apply frequently to the surface.

# BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

**What True Love Is.**

A YOUNG man writes to inquire how he is to tell the difference between love and infatuation. He hates to commit himself definitely to one girl until he has assured himself his attraction to her is not a passing fancy but a permanent feeling.

If I or any one else could give him an assured test by which this problem could be solved there would be no more unhappiness in the world. But there are certain indications which the wise youth will consider before pledging his affections for life. The best rule is this: If you head follows where your heart leads, if you can admire and respect a girl as much as you love her, then marry her as fast as you can. She is the right girl. But if even as you hold her hand and gaze into her eyes and your heart beats happily under her spell, your head tells you that she is foolish and deceitful and a chatter-box, cut her out. You will never regret it. For the heart changes, but the head is always the same.

**He Took Her Pin.**

Dear Betty:

I am a youth of sixteen, and have been keeping steady company with a girl of my own age for several months. We were good friends until last week, when we met at the home of a mutual friend. During the course of the evening, I took one of her pins, and for some reason or other, I thought nothing more of the matter until last night, when I called at her home. She received me very coolly. Matters went

left the house in anger. Now, I still love this girl, and would like to be friends with her again. Will you please tell me what I can do? F. I. G.

I would say the first thing to do would be to return the pin and tell her how sorry you are that you kept it.

**Shall He Accept Her Gift?**

Dear Betty:

I am a young high school student of seventeen and have been on more or less friendly terms with a girl of the same age. The other day a misunderstanding arose between us (the young lady being at fault), resulting in our not speaking to each other. As it is nearing Christmas I am certain that she will send or give me a present. Should I accept or refuse it?

Unless you want to be guilty of the most outrageous rudeness you will accept the gift with proper gratitude.

**To Get Acquainted.**

Dear Betty:

WHAT is the best way to get acquainted with a girl without getting introduced to her?

ANXIOUS.

There is no decent way of meeting a girl except through an introduction. You cannot meet a self-respecting girl in any other way.

# HINTS FOR THE HOME.

**Gingerbread.**

1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup molasses, 1/2 cup sour milk, 1 large spoonful of butter, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon ginger, 2 cups flour. After all are mixed add 1 well beaten egg.

**Egg Tarts.**

LINE small deep gem pans with a rich pastry. Fill with the following mixture: One egg well beaten with a cup of light brown sugar; then add a tablespoon of vinegar. Bake until crust is well browned, then the filling will be done. This recipe makes about a dozen tarts.

**Ham Omelet.**

CHOP finely two ounces of cooked ham. Peel and also chop a small onion or shallot. Break four eggs into a basin, adding a pinch of salt. Beat up the eggs, with the addition of one tablespoonful of milk or cream. Mix one ounce of butter in an omelet pan, when the butter is warm (not burning) put in the shallot and the ham and fry a little, pour in the egg mixture and stir with a fork over a brisk fire until it begins to set. Shake the pan and fold the omelet so as to give it the shape of a cushion. See that the omelet is served on the side of the pan opposite the handle. Hold it over

th fire for a few seconds longer so as to brown the surface. Turn it on to a hot dish and serve quickly. A little tomato sauce, previously heated, is an improvement, and should be poured round, not over the omelet.

**Coffee Cake.**

ONE cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, 1/2 cup beef dripping, a big cup of strong coffee, 2 eggs, 1/4 cup flour, 2 level teaspoons saleratus, pinch of salt, cup of raisins, cup of currants, teaspoon each of clove, cinnamon, allspice and 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg. This recipe very nicely and makes 12 loaves.

**Cracker Pudding.**

EIGHT common crackers, split and well buttered, 1 cup raisins cleaned and stoned, 2 eggs well beaten, 1 quart milk, 1/4 cup sugar, salt to taste, nutmeg, flavor. Here is the way to put together: Place a layer of split crackers in the bottom of a pudding dish, then a layer of raisins, then a layer of sugar, salt and flavor, then a layer of crackers, and so on until all are used. Now pour over all a little of the milk, which has been scalded and is still hot. Let stand until cool, then add the well-beaten eggs with a pinch of nutmeg. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Serve with sauce.

# THE VANISHING BRIDE or, the Chief Legatee

By Anna Katherine Green.

"It will be when I am no longer the prey of doubt."

"Notwithstanding the mystery?"

"Notwithstanding the mystery. The one thing I have found it impossible to contemplate is her death—the extinction of all hope which death alone can bring. She has become so blended with my every thought since the hour she vanished from my eyes and consequently from my protection, that I should lose the better part of myself if I losing her. Anything but that, Mr. Harper."

"Even possible shame?"

"How shame?"

"Some reason very strong and very vital must underlie her conduct if what we suspect is true, and she has not only been willing to subject you and herself to a seeming separation by death, but to burden herself with the additional misery of being obliged to assume a personality cumbered by such a drawback to happiness and even common social intercourse as this of the supposed Anitra."

"You mean her deafness?"

"I mean that, yes. What could Mrs. Ransom's motive be (if the woman sleeping yonder is Mrs. Ransom) for so tremendous a sacrifice as this you ascribe to her? The results of her action from some impending calamity? That would argue a love of long standing and of superlative force; one transcending even her natural affection for her husband to whom she has just given her name. Such a rare and such circumstances is not a possibility. She has known this long and stoutly for a few days only, for which she has risked much, but not so long for anything she must look for some other explanation, one more reasonable and much more personal."

"Where?"

"I'm all at sea, blinded, dazed, almost at my wits' end. I can see no reason for anything she has done. I neither understand her nor understand myself. I ought to shrink from the poor creature there, saying of a doubtful thought, 'But I don't. I feel drawn to her, instead, irresistibly drawn, as if my place were her bedside to comfort and protect.'"

At this impulsive assertion springing from a depth of feeling for which the staid lawyer had no measure, a perplexed frown chased all the burbanism from his face. Some thought that he would welcome had come to disturb him. He eyed Mr. Ransom closely from under his drooping brows. He said this now with impunity, for Mr. Ransom's glances were turned whither his thoughts and inclinations had wandered.

"I would advise you," came in slow comment from the lawyer, "to get out of the room. It is too certain of your questions will doubt become an absolute impossibility. Instinct is a good thing."

CHAPTER XIV.

Anitra.

A FEW minutes later they were discussing this amazing possibility.

"I have no reason for this conclusion—this hope," admitted Mr. Ransom. "It is instinct with me, an intuition, and not the result of my judgment. It came to me when she first addressed me down by the mill stream. If you consider me either wrong or misled I confess that I shall not be able to combat your decision with any argument plausible enough to hold your attention for a moment."

"But I don't consider you either wrong or misled," protested the other. "That is," he warily added, "I am ready to accept the correctness of the possibility you mention and afterward to note where the supposition will lead you. Of course, your first sensation is that of relief."

CHAPTER XIV.

Anitra.

As he did so his eye encountered the hot, dry gaze of Mr. Ransom, fixed upon him in a suspense too cruel to prolong, and with a sudden change of manner he moved from the door, saying significantly as he led the way out:

"Let us have a word or two in your own room. It is a principle of mine not to trust even the ears of the deaf with what it is desirable to keep secret."

What the glance with which he said this lingered a moment longer on his companion's face he would undoubtedly have been startled at the effect of his own words. But being at heart a compassionate man, or possibly understanding that client suspected, he had turned quite away in crossing the threshold and so missed the conscious flash which for a moment replaced the sombre and feverish expression that had already featured by ten years the formerly open face of this deeply graven man.

Once in the hall it was too dark to note further niceties of expression, and by the time Mr. Ransom's room was reached, purpose and purpose only remained visible in either face.

As they were crossing the threshold the lawyer wheeled about and cast a quick look behind him.

# May Manton's Daily Fashions.



# How to Make Taste Take the Place of Money in Furnishing a Home.

IN the days when millionaires were not quite so plentiful as now, a certain man who had accumulated a large fortune by the work of his hands sent his son to be educated. The boy did not buy his father's views concerning the desirability of this education, neither had he ability, and his tutor, having labored long and diligently, came to the parent with the plea that further effort was useless, since his pupil lacked capacity.

"Buy him one thing!" thundered the irate father. "Buy him one! Don't you understand that I have money enough to buy my children anything they need? Alas! He has not. Money will buy a great many things in this world, but ability is not one of them, and neither is taste."

The most expensive homes are not always the most artistic. Elaborate furnishings do not necessarily produce the best effects, says the San Francisco Chronicle. A can of paint and a piece of cretonne, used by a skillful hand that is directed by an eye with a true sense of the beautiful, will bring about results far exceeding any accomplished by an unlimited purse in the grasp of a tyro.

Many a room that might have been charming is ruined by an overplus of decoration and furniture. Pictures are so crowded upon the walls that the individuality of each is lost, and you are merely conscious of a mingling of frames and a glare of color. Bric-a-brac is crammed upon mantelpiece and cabinets till they resemble nothing so much as the show-cases in shops. Chairs and tables press against each other until crowding the room is a perpetual fest, and the beauty of the composition is lost in a confusion of lines and angles.

A FLIRTATION.

By CORA M. W. GREENLEAF.

WEDDING DAY upon a train I met a maiden fair to see. I fear I never can forget Her forwardness with me. Wide-open eyes of heaven's blue Had this most forward girl. And tresses of a golden hue In many a silken curl.

She glanced most coyly sweet at me. Then suddenly she smiled And waved a dimpled hand at me. She had me quite beguiled. I thought I was too old to be Again a maiden's prey. But really she bewitched me in A most bewildering way.

Until—oh, brash thing to do!—I took her on my knee! But I am almost sixty-two, While she is only three.